

## The Times-Dispatch.

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## WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1903.

## THE CAMPBELL CASE.

We have a private letter from a correspondent advising us that political influences are at work in the General Assembly in behalf of Judge Campbell, and that every effort will be made by a certain political faction to have him exonerated, in spite of the report of the committee.

On the other hand, we are informed, and the letter of our correspondent indicates as much, that the personal enemies of Judge Campbell are working quite as hard to secure his dismissal.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that this paper is not opposing the one faction, nor co-operating with the other, for we have nothing to do with any factional warfare that is being waged, and we have absolutely no sympathy with it. We do not know Judge Campbell.

Of course, we are not writing from the business end of the newspaper. It is a matter of no concern whatever to us whether the church notices are paid for or not. It is a matter of only a few dollars a year one way or the other. But we have a righteous regard for the dignity and majesty of the church of God, and we sincerely hope that the Ministerial Union of this city, representing the churches of all denominations, will not put the church of God in the attitude of asking a pitiful favor of a secular newspaper.

## AN AGE OF EDUCATION.

When it is said that this is peculiarly an educational age, some people are disposed to smile, for that remark has been made of every age, we suppose, from the foundation of the world. The remark might have been made, and yet might have been true, in all instances. Every age is peculiarly an educational age; that is to say, more an educational age than the ages which have preceded. This is the greatest educational age that the world has ever known, because we have the experience of all the generations that have preceded us. We have their stock and store of knowledge, so far as it has been accumulated and set down in the books. We have for our guidance what our fathers learned. We have, in a word, their richest experiences. Therefore, it is our business to make this the greatest educational age that the world has ever known. We have greater advantages, greater opportunities; therefore, our responsibilities are greater.

But, strangely enough, there are many good people in Virginia who seem to think that we know enough; that our ways are better than the ways of outsiders; that no improvements can be made without Virginia methods.

Now, when it comes to innovations that tend to overthrow Southern institutions, that tend to impair our chivalry or our ideas of morals and propriety, that tend in any way to undermine those principles and manners and customs which have characterized Virginians from the beginning, we are always ready to shoulder arms and resist them. But this does not imply that all our methods are the best, and we should not cling to the old ways simply because they are old. It is sometimes a patriotic duty to smash precedents.

We have not learned as we should have learned, and it is our business as a people to investigate and to compare our ways with the ways of others, and to adopt all the improvements that we can find. We should investigate the subject of popular education. We should investigate the subject of scientific government; the subject of organized charity, and the method among the most enlightened peoples of the world of dealing with the criminal class, especially young criminals; we should investigate the methods elsewhere of working the public roads; of keeping public accounts; of registering land titles; of preserving the public health and all kindred questions.

Let us not be content, fellow citizens, to sit down and do nothing in the direction of improvement. Let us not be satisfied, unless we are sure that our ways are the best. Let us take the trouble to inquire and ascertain how other people do it, and compare their methods with our methods, and then do it in the best way, whether it be our way or not. If we do not take the trouble to do this, then we are not living up to the responsibilities of this truly educational age. Enough of this talk about the "old Virginia way." If that be the best way, let us adhere to it; if it be not the best way, let us discard it in favor of the way that is best.

## PENSIONS FOR TEACHERS.

The public school teachers of Virginia are asking the General Assembly to inaugurate a pension system, and a bill to that effect has been drawn. The bill provides that whenever any person in this State has taught in any of the public or normal schools twenty-five years, and has reached the age of sixty years, having a record without reproach, and by reason of physical or mental disability or infirmity, is unable longer to teach, the said teacher may lay his or her case before the State Board of Education, and the board shall proceed to consider the same, and if the facts are found as above, the teacher shall be placed upon a list, a record of which shall be kept by the board, to be known as the "Teachers' Retirement List," and the names upon this list shall be regularly certified by the board to the Auditor of Public Accounts.

Every person so placed upon the retired list shall be entitled to receive a pension from the State of \$200 per annum, to be paid quarterly by the treasurer upon the warrant of the Auditor. The bill carries with it an appropriation of \$10,000, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to pay the pensions provided for.

We are not in favor at this time of any extraordinary appropriations that can be fairly avoided, but as a principle, we are in favor of the pensioning of women-out school teachers. The teacher who consecrates his life to the work of educating children, receiving small pay and spending his earnings for the necessities of life and in improving himself for his work, is fairly entitled, when he has worn himself out, to a small pension from the State. If this applies to men it applies all the more to women in the public schools. It is a reasonable claim upon its face, and as an act of simple justice the pension should be granted.

But there is another side to it. It is necessary for the good of the service that the worst teachers be retired. There are, doubtless, many worst teachers in all parts of the State to-day, men and women, who are not physically and mentally able to discharge their duties properly, yet they are retained for pity's sake. The school trustees simply cannot make up their minds to turn such teachers adrift to beg or to starve, and as no provision is made for them when they are out of service, they are kept in service. In other words, the pension system is already in vogue, and it is a most expensive sort of pension system. The State cannot afford to pension teachers in this way. It cannot afford for the good of the service to retain teachers who are no longer in the vigor of physical or mental health. The sensible thing, as well as the just thing, for the State to do is to take these pensioners out of active service and care for them at smaller expense, and put in their places those who are thoroughly able to discharge the duties of the position. It is in this way only that the best results are to be had.

## WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY.

We print elsewhere a communication from President Denny, of Washington and Lee University, in reply to the charge that the University is a sectarian institution. The letter needs no comment from us. It is frank and dignified, and bears upon its face the stamp of sincerity.

There is sometimes some outcome from a coal famine that will make many people rejoice. For instance, we gather this interesting story from a northern exchange.

The owners of 35,000 tons of anthracite coal, tied up in the Erie basin in New York, tried to sell it at \$1.00 per ton on Saturday and were unable to do so. All this coal is said to have cost the buyers between \$8 and \$10 per ton, and a single firm is said to have lost \$100,000 in its attempt to fleece the public during the past winter. The bad speculation occasionally gets his just deserts.

Our temperance friends have been rejoicing that a bill went through Congress forbidding the sale of liquor in the Capitol building. It went through as an unopposed rider on the immigration bill, and the temperance advocates throughout the country have been greatly elated. Now it seems that they are to be humiliated by the reflection that they laughed too soon. Any whiskey being sold in both restaurants at the Capitol as heretofore, and simply because no provision was made in the bill for the punishment of those who should violate it. Because of this "oversight" the prohibitory law is a dead letter.

The Pope is a wonderful man. Last Sunday he was too well to disappoint or keep in waiting the many people who had come long distances to do him homage, and so in spite of the positive advice of his physicians he received 5,000 pilgrims from Berlin, Vienna and Belgium and bestowed his blessings on them. No speeches were made.

Senator Morgan has accepted leave to print the balance of his speech on the canal question, if they will give him five more days in which to talk. The compromise will be made.

The first regiment of robins have made their appearance in the low grounds of Chesterfield, but the young gunner and the single-barreled shotgun do not take to early robins as they used to in the good old times.

Visions of rolls of currency bob up before the New Jersey legislator who has introduced a bill to abolish all charters now in force in that State.

The little kingdom of Saxony has been visited by an earthquake, but it was not so shocking as the recent royal elopement.

To be consistent, Mr. Roosevelt ought by all means to load up several of the desks of the new Commerce and Labor Department with highly colored officials.

The Buffalo police should search the newspaper reporters for a clue to the Burdick murderers.

The principal regret seems to be that Corbin did not go with Crumshank.

Pierpont Morgan evidently did not like Cuba, as he did not buy it while there.

The Socialists are said to be making their greatest gains in the staid old Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

There should be as little tinkering as possible with the new Constitution.

The places about the Senate Chamber

that knew the Populists will now know them no more forever.

The arrival of a large shipment of cucumbers in Boston advanced the price of Jamaica ginger 10 per cent.

Addicks is in the Senate indirectly anyhow—in by the Allee, we may say.

In spite of much fluttering Congress managed to pass nearly 2,000 bills.

North Carolina Sentiment. Speaking of the movement in the Wisconsin Legislature to call a national conference to discuss the negro problem, the Concord Tribune says:

Such a scheme does not deserve much serious consideration, only goes to show how prone some, perhaps all, of us are to meddle in matters far beyond us, and of which we know nothing.

The Goldsboro Argus has been flouting some on the United States Senate, and concludes:

Look at the case as we will, it is exceedingly improbable that the Democrats can secure control of the Senate during the next presidential term, which will be ended on March 4, 1909.

Referring to the fact that ex-Senator Ransom sold his last year's cotton crop, including seed, for a little over \$100,000, the Raleigh Post says:

"Mr. Ransom was useful to his State and country while in the Senate rather than to himself; but now, and we tell him so plainly, his greater usefulness to himself is even more offensive to the public than when he was in the Senate. He demanded his retirement from the Senate than any and all things, good, bad or indifferent, that he was ever accused of doing while a Senator. Nothing so rises the public's regard for him as the success of the other fellow."

The Greensboro Record says: If the North Carolina delegation in Washington has any superfluous energy, there surely are other and more profitable ways of expending it than in uselessly recommending people for Mr. Roosevelt's kindly consideration.

## WASHINGTON AND LEE

The President of the University Makes a Frank Statement.

Lexington, Va., March 9, 1903.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In view of certain recent discussions with regard to the government and control of the Washington and Lee University, it is deemed proper to make a brief public statement on this point. This statement is made solely on the ground that it has been intimated, if not definitely stated, that there has been in the last few years a change in the historic status of the institution. This intimation has extended even so far as to involve the charge that an element in the governing board desired to place the institution in organic connection with the Presbyterian church.

Such intimations are inconsistent with the facts, and call for correction. The institution continues to stand upon its historic basis. It is a Christian and catholic school, founded by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the Valley of Virginia, and yet always administered upon the broad basis of an evangelical Christianity. Because it is a Christian school, its board of trustees has been dominated by Presbyterians, and yet without the slightest suggestion of connection with any church or churches.

If it is objected that the institution is a sectarian school, that administered is "sectarian," this term assumes a new meaning, and the foremost institutions of the land, such as Columbia and Yale, are subject to the charge.

Such a charge is wholly untrue, is the origin, history and the policy of the institution. This was exactly the condition of affairs throughout the administrations of General Robert E. Lee and the administration of President William L. Wilson. Let us hear the unimpeachable testimony of two of these great men, the one an Episcopalian and the other a Baptist.

Gen. Lee is on record in a published letter that the institution was not in his day a sectarian institution, and that, so far as he knew, it had never been since it became a chartered college, while President Wilson, who was a Presbyterian, has declared the same opinion. The Board of Trustees was constituted in these administrations precisely as it is constituted to-day. It is also true that every utterance and every action of the governing board has been in line with the declarations of General Lee and President Wilson, and any intimation to the contrary not only deliberately calls into question the honor and veracity of these great men, but it is also a reflection on the integrity of the Board of Trustees.

The institution under its historic control has continued to this day to be administered in an eminently catholic spirit, and it is a pity that the fact that one of the last four executives has been a member of the Presbyterian church, while not more than three of the last nine appointees to faculty membership have been affiliated with that church, should be made the basis of a charge of sectarianism on one of the three professors elected was a Presbyterian.

This is a plain statement of the facts in the case. It is hard to conceive of a more sane and reasonable body of trustees, and which still prevails to-day at Washington and Lee University. It continues to stand, unchanged and unchanged, upon those foundations which have commanded the confidence and respect of many philanthropic men and women in various parts of the country, and which have induced them to contribute to its material prosperity and growth.

Any criticism of the policy of the Board of Trustees as conducted in its acts is a criticism of the historic policy of the institution throughout its entire history as a chartered college. Any unrest on account of the present is the unrest of discontent with the past, both recent and remote, which ought to be held in veneration and honor, for it is a past rendered sacred by the lives and services of many of the most noble and illustrious names in the history of our country. It is not believed that conservative men in this or in any other section of our country will condemn the University on the ground of its having moved along conservative and consistent lines. If there be such criticism or discontent, it must find its foundation, not in any change in the historic status or catholic character of the institution, but in the administration of the institution, and must be based, rather, in a desire to overturn the status long existing on the part of those who express the criticism or feel the discontent.

There need be no restlessness on the part of any friend of the University who honors its past and sincerely respects its dignity and high purpose. It will remain true to its history, and the charge of sectarianism will pass with the time, and will be left to the historians of the future, not give comfort to those who ought to know that it is false in letter and in spirit.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE H. DENNY, President.

The Ruling Passion.

"John," gasped the suffering politician to the sympathizing friend who had called to comfort his hours of illness, "John, I feel that the big change is coming. I am about to join the great majority."

"Great Scott, John!" ejaculated the friend, "do you mean to say you are going to stop again?"—Chicago Tribune.

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THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

—BY—  
Harry Tucker.

DAILY DIARY—March 10.  
11 A. M.—Dreamed we had a ticket to see Mansfield.  
6 P. M.—Was no dream.

Fred Wyckoff was standing up against the news stand at Campbell's eating pretzels and drinking cider.  
"The old man's whiskers shook themselves merrily as he told of his experiences before he came from Lackensack and joined the 'Bugs' show."  
"Talking about prize fighting," he said, "although nobody had mentioned anything about fighting, 'I was up to York twice and had two rounds with Fitzsimmons, and it didn't phase me. We took a beer and a whiskey."  
"I swallowed a frog once," he said, "and for awhile I thought I'd croak."  
We could have stood there all night laughing at his witticisms, but when he said that he never carried around an umbrella, because when he wanted to keep from getting wet on a rainy day he ate salt herring in the morning and it kept him dry all day, we took a handful of crackers from the bowl next to the cigar lighter and strolled out into Broad Street.

We know some people who will not be able to ride on the street cars or smoke cigars for a week.

For they went to see Mansfield.

And what they have left in their pockets wouldn't pay for a box of matches.

See the fellow with

A grin on his face.

Is he a subject for an

Inquireudo de lunatico,

Or

Is he just back from

The monkey cage

At Bostock's?

Does he carry that

Smile around with him

At home?

Oh no!

That is Harry Glenn,

Thinking up something

Funny to say at the

Hephaestus' benefit.

If we could only get acquainted with the

sun again we'd feel real glad.

We have not seen each other now for

a spell, and while we have passed some

hours in the meantime, still we'd

feel happier if the sun, like the ground

hog, would come out of his hole and cast

a smile upon us, and we think we could

enjoy life better, and not have to ponder

over our ills and troubles.

When the stage hands give their ball

after Lent, we will be there as a judge

award the prizes to the prettiest

dancers.

We always were a good judge, and can

tell a quadrille from a polka any time.

H. T.

Trend of Thought

in Dixie Land

Nashville American: The Birmingham News thinks a nomination of a southern man for Vice-President is an experiment that is worth the trial. The trouble is that the Democrats of the North and East are not likely to give the southerners a chance to experiment.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Everything that Cannon said about the outrageous Senate rules was true, and everything that Tillman said about the outrageous House rules was true. Plain truth-telling is the usual result when the pot and kettle fall out.

Savannah News: Senator Gorman is not a great orator. He has never made proposals in that direction, but as a political manager he has few equals, and no superiors. He is able to grasp the whole situation in a political campaign and to see at a glance the weak and the strong points. His party associates have learned to rely upon his judgment. They know that he makes very few mistakes, and that explains, in a measure, their joy on his return to the Senate.

Dallas News: Booker Washington's proposal of a national convention, in which representative white men of the North, white men of the South, and men of his own race shall talk over dispassionately, with good will and business sense, the actual state of things, and the way out of it, is novel, unexpected and wise considering.

Personal and General.

A woman was granted a divorce by a Connecticut court last week upon her plea of abandonment. In that her husband went up in a balloon four years ago and has never returned.

Senator Alger tells this story of W. H. Vanderbilt, who owned Maud S. He had purchased a horse from Mr. Vanderbilt about the time the latter had sold the famous mare and asked the millionaire, "Why did you part with such a notable animal?" Mr. Vanderbilt replied: "When I drove her along the street the other day, I saw a man, a young fellow, B. They never thought of me. 'There goes Vanderbilt.' I couldn't part a second fiddle to a mare—even such a mare."

Senator Frye once refused to write his reminiscences for a magazine, declaring himself opposed to the telling by public men of "tales out of school."

George W. Cable, the author and lecturer, is a visitor in New Orleans, where he says he has come to gather material for a new romantic novel.

Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles will be the guest of Boston on the coming Evacuation Day.

Because the inhabitants of Seluete, near Boston, refused to hear a letter read from Thomas W. Lawson, expressing his views on liquor license at a town meeting, he has reconsidered his promise to give the place a \$40,000 soldiers' monument.

## "BOBS" His Trials, Tribulations and Triumphs.

By REGINALD LANG.

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CHAPTER XXIX.  
"Bobs, here are Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand."  
"I am glad to see you, sir, and you, Anita. Perhaps Mr. Elliot has told you that my memory has come back to me."  
"Yes, Bobs," said Mr. Van Nostrand in a kindly tone, "and he says that you have something to tell me that troubles you."

"I have, sir, and I fear its effect on your friendship for me."  
"Tell me what it is, Bobs."  
"Do not go, Anita and Mr. Elliot. I want you all to hear what I have to say, only ask that you listen in patience to the end."

"To begin with, I do not know where I came from. I grew up with a man who said that he was my father. His name was Reddie Fitzgerald, and when I thought the matter over while making up my mind to tell you all this, I have had strange, indistinct memories of a great house somewhere and of a large dock. I saw a picture one day in a magazine of a ship with its deck such as I remember faithfully, and on the opposite page was a picture which brought back memories of the house. I also have some recollection of a tall man who used to walk and play with me, but it was not Reddie Fitzgerald.

"Reddie sent me to school till I was close to 15, and then told me that while he wanted me to keep up some studying, I was to earn my way in life, and that he was going to teach me his own business."

"And that was?" asked Mr. Van Nostrand.  
"Housebreaking," was the quiet reply.  
"Housebreaking? Do you mean to tell me that he meant to educate you to be a thief?"

"It did not mean to, but he did. He told me of the downy-rodden classes which were preyed upon by the rich, and how the men who were not well off in life should live upon those who were."

"Poor poor boy," said Mr. Van Nostrand, shaking his head sadly. Anita's handkerchief was at her eyes.  
"Thank you, sir, for your sympathy, but that is not the worst, as far as you are concerned. I was the one that got in through the window, and the night after that I was in the street, and the others in. I knew no better then, but I make no excuse. To me it seemed quite the right thing at that time."

"But Bobs—"  
"Please let me finish, sir. We went to the dining room, and I was put on guard. As I stood watching the door I suddenly saw the curtains part and there stood a white figure holding a light."

"It was I; it was I?" said Anita with a start.  
"Yes, first thought it was a ghost, and all hands scattered. I was dazed and stopped in the hall. Suddenly there was a flash of light and a report. I felt a stinging sensation and as though I had been struck by a blow, and led to the room below. I was picked up by one of the gang known as London, an Englishman, and carried to the street, where a cab took me to our usual meeting place. What they got from the robbery I do not know, as I was ill from the wound, and then the runaway came, and the time I was kidnapped I could not remember the man with whom I had been. Who the man was who rescued me I do not know at all."

"Now, Mr. Van Nostrand, you have heard my story and I feel much better for having told it to you, though it will probably end my friendship with you."

"My dear boy," was the reply, "I honor you for telling it to me, and I am ashamed against you, and I feel much better for having told it to you, though it will probably end my friendship with you."

"You must let me be the judge of that. Bobs. The ends of justice can be perfectly well accomplished without the shedding of blood. You have suffered enough already."

"I hate to go back on people, sir, but I never liked the business and the way that I was treated by being kidnapped. I feel as though I should like to know that you will forgive me. I do not know those games of yours yet."

"I forgive you freely, my lad. I am only too glad that the matter has been cleared up, and that there is no more of running those cheap games. We will leave them to the others."

"They are a smart lot, sir, and I doubt if you ever catch them; you certainly will never catch the Fish and the London. I have heard of the most able man named London."

"I have never known, and seemed to have all details connected with your house at his finger ends. It was the same with several other cases, but I can see now, after having seen the ways, that he so much, and I know the ways, that he must have had some inside information in regard to it."

"It is strange. I do not see where he could have picked it up. I feel absolutely sure of that, and I do not know of any one else that knew how to manage that panel except myself."

"Very strange, certainly, but if you had seen him open that panel you would have predated what I say, my lad. Of course, I have never bored into the panel in any manner and opened."

"It is over now, and you can set your mind at rest. All I want is that you should get well, and that you will go back to New York and see what we can do in the matter."

"The doctor," said Mr. Elliot, "says that in a week he will be perfectly able to travel, and that practically he is all right now."

"Well, then, let us go a week from Thursday."

"Very good, sir, I shall be ready."

"They rose to go, and the men had turned away from the bed as Anita stepped to her side.

"Can you forgive me for my share in your fright?"

"Forgive me, Bobs," said Anita, with a breath. "Her voice and tears in her eyes, 'forgive you.' Do you not see that it is enough for me that you are alive?"

"She hurried after me and tears streaming down her cheeks. As she had sat beside the bed and seen the pale face and bandaged head, all her love for this man who had saved her life at the risk of his own, came back to her. Then she had him ask her forgiveness, when she would have given anything in the wide world to have told him of her love, had made her betray herself in the moment."

"A strange and hitherto unexperienced emotion swept over the young man as he lay there watching her retreating form. It was a feeling that he did not understand it, but it was very pleasant and he lay back happy and contented."

CHAPTER XXX.

The train from Chicago to New York was speeding swiftly on its way. Anita Van Nostrand sat near Bobs, but since her late avowal at Mr. Nostrand's house, she found it much more difficult to talk to him than heretofore, and had, therefore,

in her attempt to appear unconcerned, as it often the case, overdone her part and made him feel that something had happened, for which he was to blame.

"I made one or two starts, but gave it up in despair, for an unaccountable